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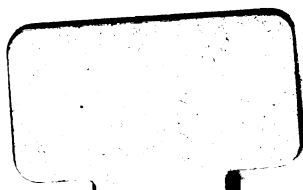
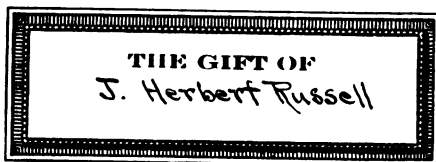
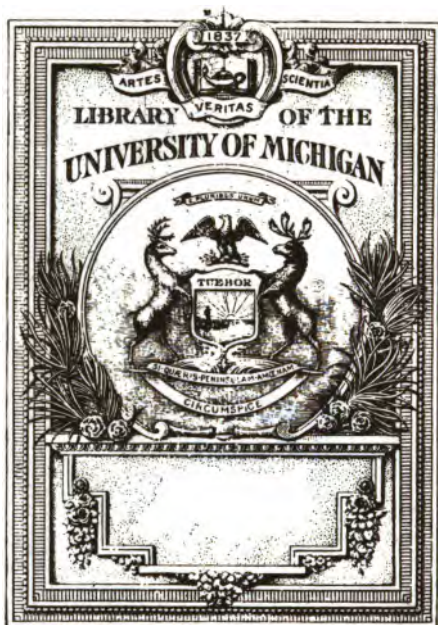
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Ann Arbor, Michigan.



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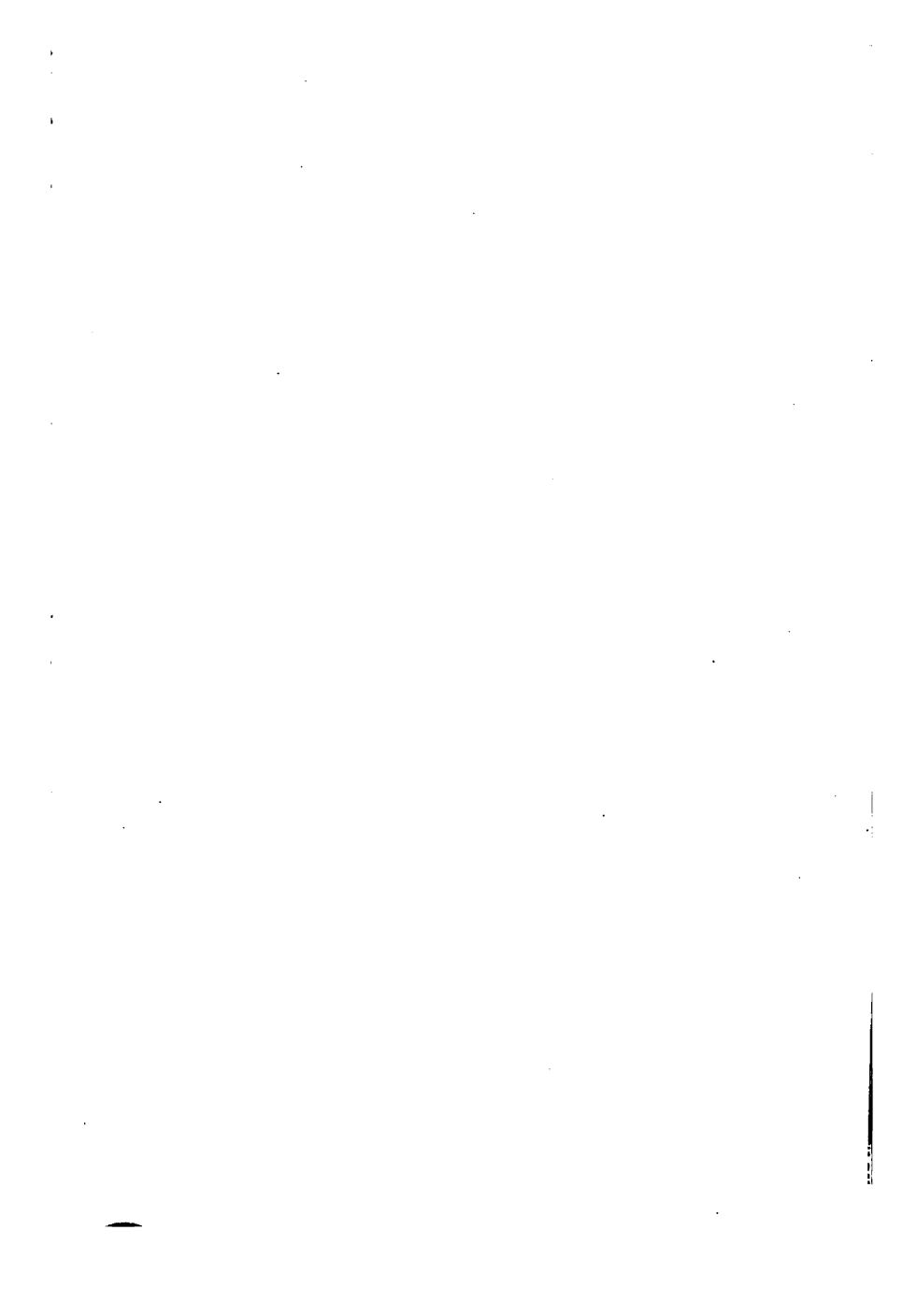
For Mrs. S. S. S. S. S.

from

The Author

Jan'y 5. 04

TRAILING ARBUTUS



Trailing Arbutus

BY



MRS. LELIA M. ROWAN



LANSING, MICHIGAN
ROBERT SMITH PRINTING COMPANY
1902



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BY
MRS. LILLIA M. ROWAN

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DEDICATED TO
PETOSKEY

343811

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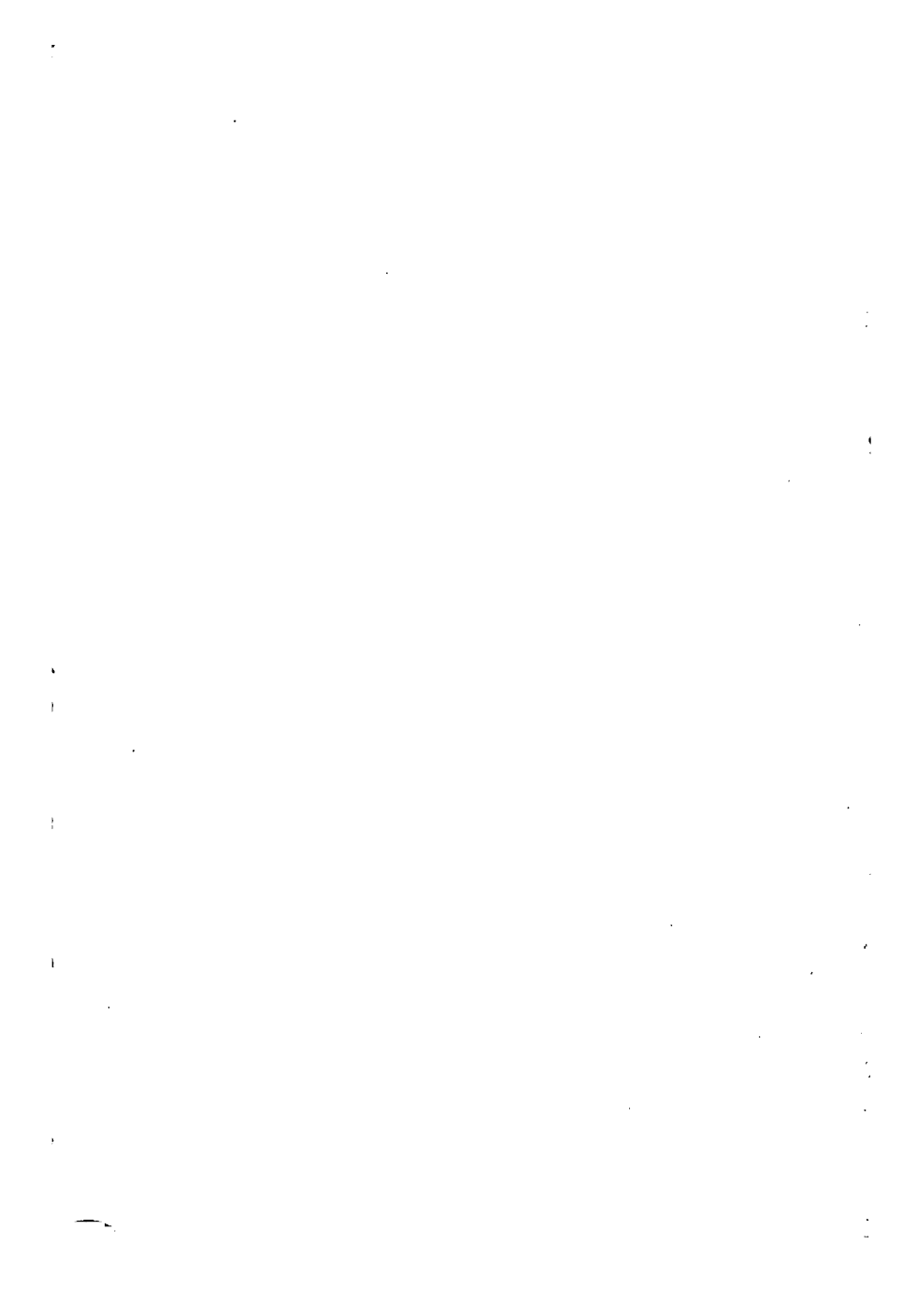
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Trailing Arbutus.

ARBUTUS.

The glinting rays of length'ning days
Come jogging fast along
With hope and cheer to list'ning ear
Of robin's welcome song.

So clear and bright the silv'ry light
That crowns the snow capped hills,
That winter's night with fond delight
Out-echoes springtime's trills.

Beneath the bands of icy hands
The sweet Arbutus grows,
And wondering waits, the op'ning gates
Of misty melting snows.

Its dainty press of eagerness
Earth's mantled bosom thrills
To fond caress of tenderness,
And laughing, gurgling rills.

Trailing Arbutus.

On hillside near, though bleak and drear,
It stirs the pulse of earth,
Till out the gloom in wondrous bloom,
It springs to royal birth.

O blushing face of winsome grace
That warms the win'try air
With kisses sweet, and nature's feet
Enrobes in garments fair.

O precious gift—O heav'nly rift
Of joy from hand divine,
We'll welcome thee, and lovingly
We'll worship at thy shrine.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE BABY HEMLOCKS.

'Twas one vast range of wilderness,
And all the sweetly laden breeze
Of early Spring, with eagerness,
Went whispering 'mong the trees.

A narrow line, the Marquette trail,
Led through the deepening gloam,
Over the hilltop, through the vale,
Oft passing Red Man's rustic home.

A rounded form of crumbling dust
Across it lay, that once had stood
Untrembling, 'mid the storm cloud's gust—
A Monarch in the silent wood.

A tree enthroned in leafy mold,
Most lavish spent, from Spring's pale green,
And Autumn's mellowed tints of gold,
Enhancing nature's beauteous scene.

Trailing Arbutus.

A tree o'erlooking all its kind
Its red-brown arms of lusty build,
Outreaching lesser ones, entwined
Them, and protection to them willed.

Had stood while years, and years, rolled by,
Nor bent its tow'ring head through all;
Nor, like the fragrant Pine, did sigh,
As though bemoaning nature's thrall.

Its denser foliage rich in gift
Of pungent odor, oft-times lent
To nature's background, rift on rift
Of lights and shades profusely spent.

And yet, it fell; the ruthless hand
Of time, the weird relentless foe
Of all that's beautiful and grand,
This proud majestic head brought low.

Then, even death it did defy;
And lo! from crumbling dust upsprang,
That which did life in death decry;
And nature's glories newly rang.

Trailing Arbutus.

Sweet infant voices filled the air,
And on the Sage's bosom lay
Myriads of dainty trees more fair;
And nature's death was held at bay.

1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

ROBIN'S RETURN.

Dear little Robin, come, 'tis time
You returned to the northern clime.
I'm watching for you all day long,
List'ning eagerly for your song.

Come again to the maple tree,
And build your nest where I can see
Mr. Robin swinging there,
Guarding you all with tender care.

There from my window I'll look down
Into your nest in maple crown,
And when the birdlings first appear,
List to their baby chirpings near.

Come, and I'll give you silken floss,
Which, together with lint and moss,
You may weave into fairy nest,
Snug and neat, my little Redbreast.

Trailing Arbutus.

And when your baby birdlings grow,
I'll help you gather food to throw
Into the mouths that open wide,
Long as you in the nest abide.

Trailing Arbutus.

PETOSKEY.

There's a city in the northland
Nestled 'tween a lot o' lakes,
Et's ez full ov witchin' beauty
Ez er swamp iz full ov brakes.
If yer weary ov yer bizness
En er longin' fer er rest,
Ye will find ther breeze the coolest
En the ozone thar the best.

With ets beach ov sand en agates,
En ets picturesque driveways;
With ets lawns en parks ov em'rald,
En ets blossom decked Chalets,
Et will give ye hearty greetin'
En ye'll think et Beulah land,
Fer the Tourist thar iz welcome,
En iz allers in demand.

Trailing Arbutus.

Bring along yer fishin' tackle
 En yer rubber wadin' boots,
En ef ye have er chum er two
 Jess chuck them in ca-hoots,
En I'll guarantee ye pleasure
 Better'n ye hev ever seen
Fishin' 'long the bank ov river,
 'Neath the dainty shade ov green.

There are allers plenty minnows
 Waitin' fer ye on the shore,
En ef ye want er guide er two
 Ye'll find them thar galore.
When yer out upon the waters,
 Ef yer guide be Chippewa,
He will tell ye quaintest stories
 Ov Petoskey's early day.

There are shady paths fer cycling,
 Lover's lanes en Marquette Trails;
There are wells ov Mineral water
 Good fer every sort ov ails;

Trailing Arbutus.

There are hotels big en little,
Ye ken choose atween them all
Er hunt yerself a boardin' house
Ef yer pocket book iz small.

1901.

44



HARBOR POINT LIGHT HOUSE.

Trailing Arbutus.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BAY.

O the beautiful night, when the silvery light
Of the moon ripples over the lea;
And the fiery eye of the beacon light nigh
Flashes out on the wide spreading sea.

When the wonderful clouds, with their mystical
shrouds,
Robe the forms that are passing on high,
As they leap from the deep of the heavens, and
sweep
Through the star jewelled path of the sky.

Unconscious we gaze through the mists and the
haze,
Until faces familiar we greet;
Then we longingly sigh, as they swiftly pass by,
And are lost to our view, 'mong the fleet.

B

Trailing Arbutus.

Thus the glory of earth, although rich in its
birth,

Like the clouds sweeping by with the throng,
Soon is lost to our sight, 'mid the sorrows of
night

And the cold bitter pulsings of wrong.

But the glory of soul, through the ages shall
roll;

'Tis the breath of our God here revealed;
Spite of hurrying tide it may ever abide—
Be our true and invincible shield.

Let us cling to the word that the truth may be
heard—

I in thee, thou in Me, He has said;
Then the birthright of man, with God's wonder-
ful plan,
To their innermost depths shall be read.

Trailing Arbutus.

SPRING.

The morn is bright, and glinting dew
Begems the leafy bowers,
And kisses into fragrance new
The dainty petaled flowers.

The silver-throated linnet flings
Athwart the echoing breeze
Sweet, rippling notes, while robin sings
Atop the budding trees.

The tender-bladed grasses peep
From out their winter cloak,
While daffodils awake from sleep
And summer smiles invoke.

All nature breathes of beauty new;
The white clouds rushing by,
Like misty forms amid the blue,
Seem rev'ling in the sky.

Trailing Arbutus.

Love brings her lute at eventide
Her wooing to renew,
And youthful dreams sweet visions hide
Of realms of rapture true.

Know, then, O spring, each budding bough
Of nature's loving arms
That o'er the lawns are spreading now
Are bending neath thy charms.

And drifting down from wooded hill,
With tinkling mellow round,
The laughing, dancing, murmuring rill
Echoes a welcome sound.

Trailing Arbutus.

A SONNET.

SUNSET ON THE BAY.

Into the bosom of the silvery bay
In splendor sinks the sun to nightly rest,
And all the shimmering flame athwart the west
Echoes his farewell to the dying day.
Majestic mountains, misty, purple clad,
And blazoned turrets high upreared and bold,
Circled about with dainty fleece of gold—
As halos of celestial glory had
O'er battlements of paradise been flung;
And thrilling all to rapturous amaze,
It holds the vision in sweetly hallowed gaze;
Then, lingering still, the cloud hues that o'erhung
The distant hills, die in the waning light
And the grandeur passes to the gloom of night.

Trailing Arbutus.

SAMBO'S COURTSHIP.

"Come, Dinah, mah honey,
De berries am brack
En ready fuh pickin',
Down dar by de track;
Ah'll holp fill yo' basket,
So come along quick,
Mah fingers am tinglin'
Dose berries ter pick."

"Spry up now mah honey,
Do'an wait ter primp,
Yo's eber so lubly
In dat yaller gimp;
De truf is Ah lubs yo;
Now do'an be shy,
Ah longs fuh' de smilin'
Of youah sweet eye."

Trailing Arbutus.

"Ah lubs yo en wants yo'
Fuh mah cherished wife,
Ter trabble long side me
Fru dis lane of life;
Jess one kiss mah honey,
En neber yo' fear,
Kaze member Sam lubs yo'
En yo' am his deah."

"En honey, we'll build us,
Ov sweet scented pine,
A neat li'll cabin
En fu'nish it fine.
Dess guv mah yo' hand, deah
En promise me true,
Et yo'll lub me only
En ah'll lub but yo'."

Trailing Arbutus.

And down by the river,
They wended their way,
Their hearts full of rapture
On that sunny day;
For Sambo loved Dinah
And Dinah loved Sam,
And they loved each other,
These children of Ham.

And one day years after,
'Twas summer again,
And berries had ripened
Down there in the glen;
And in that quaint cabin
The wide open door,
With bright piccaninnies
Was crowded galore.

Petoskey, 1900.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

The old schoolhouse in the open square
Where the gentle south winds blew,
When birchen leaves were kissing the air,
And the tender spring was new;
That quaint old house, built of rough hewn logs
With chinkings fast wearing through,
There's naught in the past that memory jogs
More pleasantly into view.

Sometimes when shadows are drawing near
And the plaintive call is heard,
From swaying top of the locusts here,
Of a lonely loitering bird;
I sit and dream in the twilight gloom
And I am a child once more,
Perched on a bench in that old schoolroom,
Or toeing the marks on the floor.

Trailing Arbutus.

Ah, me! how many the hours of play
I've spent in that old school yard,
Beneath the shade of the birch and bay
With the tall pines standing guard;
And many the time I've sat in the birch
While conning the lesson o'er,
Like some wild bird in a leafy perch
Low down by the schoolhouse door.

But time has wandered far down the way,
The spring and summer have gone,
And only the leaves of autumn lay
Now scattered about life's lawn.
The old schoolhouse long ago burned down,
And over its ashes stand
The frames and bricks of a modern town,
The pride of the dear southland.

No vestige is left of things gone by,
No monument grand to tell
The story of where the ashes lie
Of the old house loved so well;

Trailing Arbutus.

Yet long as the roses bloom for me
And the birds sweet carols sing,
My memory will to the old birch tree
The house and the scholars cling.

Albany, Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

I'VE LEARNED TO KNOW.

Dear little birds, I've learned to know
Why, when the autumn comes, you go
Far from the friends who love you true,
Here where the baby birdlings grew ;

Far from the nest where sings the breeze,
Soft lullaby in maple trees ;
Far from the boughs where oft you swung,
Near where the nest was deftly hung.

I've marveled much, but ne'er could tell
What was the wondrous mystic spell
That ever at verge of winter time
Woo'd you all to another clime.

I've sorely grieved and watched your flight
Fast disappearing from my sight,
Floating away a merry throng
Echoing still the sweet wild song.

Trailing Arbutus.

Since, little birdies, I have been
Down by the cotton glade and glen,
Revelled in all the summer glow,
Under the boughs of Mistletoe :

Since I have found your summer land,
Where orange tree and citron grand
Over the curving river sway
Dipping their branches as in play,

Dipping into the swirling tide
That rushes on with merry glide,
There with gleaming fruit of gold,
Drinking draughts of waters cold,

Found your magical beauty land
With sea of flow'rs and firs so grand,
Stood 'neath the softly sighing pine,
Wishing at heart this land were mine ;

Trailing Arbutus.

Watched them growing, budding, blooming,
As they loving interlaced,
Some in dainty tint of seashell,
Some in white, some yellow faced?

Have you in the early morning
Stooped to kiss the silver dew
Off the roses 'neath your window,
Blooming sweetly there for you?

When you bade them rapturous greeting
Softly whispering words of love,
Did you note their regal beauty
As they smiled in shy approve?

Precious roses, how we love them,
How we hail their natal day,
Ofttimes grudge old earth the petals
That upon her bosom lay.

Albany, Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

VIOLETS.

Beautiful violets, tokens of love,
Dear little jewels sent from above,
Sweet little faces—"the smiles of our God,"
Springing so bright from winter's cold sod.

You come like the dewdrops into our lives
E'er the sweet breath of springtime arrives,
While the cold blasts of the winter are here
Open your hearts and give us good cheer.

Come ere the lily-bell wakes from her sleep
Down in her winter-bed dark and deep,
Come ere the crocus and daffodil rise
Slowly uplifting bright amber eyes.

Little earth angels to love and caress,
Gems from the wealth of nature, to bless
And gladden and brighten the weary way
With glintings of summer's sunny day.

c

Trailing Arbutus.

Brave little blossoms, let no one despoil,
Purple clad blossoms, babes of the soil,
Sweeter your fragrance than spices of old;
Greater your presence than wealth untold.

Albany, Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

Of the wine of health I'm drinking,
Where the possum and the coon
Keep the darkies a-blinking
Thro' the glinting of the moon;
Where the sun is ever shining,
And the air is full of song,
In a spirit undefining,
I am dreaming all day long.

As I watch the sunlight glimmer
On the lawn across the way
And the great magnolia's shimmer
In its softly shifting ray;
It is almost past believing
That I left the land of snow,
Muffled well in furs yet shivering,
Only one short week ago.

Trailing Arbutus.

That my spirit now reposes
Where the sweetly scented breeze,
Lingers to caress the roses,
Ere it kiss the lofty trees ;
And although I miss home pleasures,
Miss the club and social fete,
I may garner up some treasures
That shall prove to me as great.

Richest melody this morning,
Roused me from a slumber sweet,
Wakened me at early dawning,
Old familiar songs to greet ;
Songs of bluebird, linnet, wren,
Filled the perfume laden air,
Ringing out from wood and glen,
Rose-bush, tree top, everywhere.

And my heart went wildly beating
When the old familiar call
Of the mocking bird's entreating
Sounded clear above them all ;

Trailing Arbutus.

And my fancy seemed to borrow
 Memories of the days of yore,
Days of childhood ere life's sorrow
 Crossed the threshold of my door.
 Albany, Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

EASTER ANTHEM.

In fullness of new delight
Morn mounted its golden throne,
And kissing away the night
In glorified splendor shone.
The wonderful Easter-tide,
With banners of joy unfurled,
Flung out on the breezes wide
Glad tidings to all the world.

Oh, beautiful Easter Morn!
Let the loud hosannas ring;
With hope that is newly born
Let the heart in gladness sing;
Let all the earth and sky
The wonderful chorus swell,
While voices echoing high,
The love of the Master tell.

Trailing Arbutus.

Let rejoicing rivulets sing
 As, rushing, they leap and glide,
And their crystal waters bring
 Adown from the mountain side ;
Let fair young blossoms of spring
 From marvelous bud expand,
While linnet and bluebird sing
 Sweet anthems throughout the land.

Let us gather lilies white
 And pile on the chancel rail,
From window and turret height
 The purple wisteria trail ;
Weave for the altar a spray
 Of jessamine white and gold,
And sweet faced violets lay
 Daintly over its mold.

Let us gather the blossoms fair
 That down in the meadow grow,
And scatter them everywhere
 Till the church is all aglow.

Trailing Arbutus.

Then we'll chant with glad acclaim,
And with joyful voice we'll sing,
Songs of praise to Jesus' name,
All hail to the Saviour King.

Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

COTTON PICKING DOWN IN GEORGIA.

Have you ever been in Georgia
In the cotton picking time,
When the cotton was in blossom
And the buds were in their prime?

Have you watched the perfect rythm
Of the ever moving throng
As they deftly picked the cotton
To the hum of merry song?

Glanced into their dusky faces,
Caught the blinking of the eye,
As the mellow notes grew fuller
Mounting upward to the sky?

Noted you the gentle movement
Of the bodies to and fro,
As the music grew more plaintive
And the time began to slow?

Trailing Arbutus.

Did your tired head grow dizzy
With the motion and the chime
Till you wondered what could ail you
And imagined 'twas the clime?

Now methinks I see you, resting
'Neath the sweet magnolia's shade,
Watching still the busy workers,
In the summer heated glade.

Sitting there in idle dreaming
Till the hour of noon draws near,
When I see you smile at Friday,
Helping Susy up the rear.

Smile, that these untutored people,
In their crudeness still are rife,
With love's mighty impulse, making
Sweetest melody of life.

And you listen to their laughter
Which is full of merry jest,
While the robin chirps above you
To his mate with equal zest.

Trailing Arbutus.

Then you ponder o'er the mystery
Of this strange benighted race,
Until in your heart I fancy
Darwin's theory finds a place.

And though science may confute it
Evolution has its sway,
And you're sure you now approve it
Casting every doubt away.
Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

WHEN THE PARSON LOOPS THE
KNOTTIN'.

Yes, I own I've been er lovin
Ov ye sence I were er lad
Big er nough ter chew terbacker,
En ter hunt er long o' dad;
Lovin ov ye cause I could'nt
Ever help et ef I would
En because fact is I would'nt
Ever help et ef I could.

Sence thet day I tuk yer basket
From ye on yer way ter school,
En helped ye up ther mountain
En across the turtle pool;
Every time I cotch ye smilin'
There sure ter be er racket,
Er thumpin' en er bumpin' 'hind
Ther pocket o' my jacket.

Trailing Arbutus.

When thet leetle brown-eyed squirrel,
Which I cotched ye in ther glen,
Nestled lovin' like up to ye,
'Tell ye I wuz jealous then ;
En I wished I hed'nt cotched et
But hed left et 'mong the trees
Down beside the clover meadows
Which wuz full o' honey bees.

But when thet big ruffin Rastus
Slung en hit et with er stun,
En I seen ther tears er tumblin'
'Mong ther roses ez they run
Down yer face all hilter skilter
Spatterin' ov yer pinafore,
Then sweetheart ye mind I licked him
En want jealous any more.

When ye growed ter be er woman
With yer pretty dainty ways,
En I know'd ther time wuz comin'
When ye'd gladden all my days ;

Trailing Arbutus.

BABY.

A little white blossom
Came drifting this way,
And nestled down closely
Beside me to-day.

A wee winsome creature
With velvety cheek,
And eyes that in wonder
Are seeming to speak.

Wee fairy, already,
You fill me with bliss,
And Oh, how it thrilled me
That first tender kiss.

Pray God you may tarry,
My treasure, my joy,
His own precious gift,
My own darling boy.

11/11/2019



A NATURAL FORMATION OF ICE ON THE BREAKWATER AT PETOSKEY JAN. 1902.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE ICE CATHEDRAL.

Far out from the deep of the crystal bay
Came troops of fairies one bleak winter day,
All sailing in daintily pink lined shells
They'd gathered from Neptune's treasury cells.

Into the millions they numbered, yet more
Seemed to be joining the beautiful corps,
And laughing and dancing amid the spray
These Nymphs were engaged in frolicsome play.

Close down by the shore they daringly came,
Not one little sprite left out of the game,
Till reaching the piers for breakwater made,
Where each little bark a moment was stayed.

But quick to their rescue Athena flew,
And the wonderful host she softly blew
High up on the platform, and there alone
She seated them all on a diamond throne.

D

Trailing Arbutus.

"Come little fairies", said she, "let us play
We're building a monument here to-day.
Now gather up closely and stand quite still—
Tier upon tier, up as high as the hill."

Terrace on terrace she built of the sprites
And over each form threw the glinting lights
Of the white seafoam, in a misty spray,
Till jewelled cathedral stood on the bay.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE BAY VIEW ICE ANGEL.

Thy wondrous beauty, dainty myth,
Was born of singing breeze ;
Thy snowy garments jewelled, with
The tears of frosted seas.

Thou standest guard, while winter hurls
O'er all the snowcapped hills
A robe of deftly woven pearls—
The gift of purling rills.

Oh Angel! If thou could'st but stay,
Until the summer sun
Hath kissed with gentle breath away,
These jewels one by one.

If but, in mellow tinted crypt,
Thy form might still be seen
When blossoms come, all dewy lipped,
And trees are robed in green.

Trailing Arbutus.

Then thou should'st rule, a fairy queen,
O'er dancing, murmuring wave.
By thousands then thy charms be seen,
And artists o'er thee rave.

Then, music laden breeze should fling
Thy praise o'er circling dawn;
And twilight songs sweet homage bring
To thee from emerald lawn.

Trailing Arbutus.

BABY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Fink Santa Taus is tummin',
I spect I hears a noise,
Dess like some body runnin'
Wif lots and lots of toys.
I hanged up bof my tottins
And dolly's tottin too,
But didn't hang up Pap'ns
Nor Mam'ns 'twouldn't do.

I writed a nice letter
And sent to Santa Taus,
And told him how he'd better
Dess tum here early, tause
If he should find me s'leepin'
And snorin' hard's I tould,
He wouldn't mind my peepin'
Dess little, fink he would?

Trailing Arbutus.

I spects I wants a pony
And rocking horses too,
And if he has nuff money,
Dolly, he'll member 'oo.
I wants a box of tandy
I'se hunger's I tan be,
And tandy's always handy
For 'ittle boys you see.

1886.

Trailing Arbutus.

SONG BY MAID OF ALL WORK.

Do they miss me, oh say, do they miss me,
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know Mrs. Grundy were saying,
"I wish that Rebecca were here,"
To know that Miss Ellen were trying,
A fire in the brick range to make,
And 'twould be no small satisfaction,
To know she had burned the beefsteak,
To know she had burned the beefsteak.

When twilight approaches—the season,
When supper's about to be got—
Does some one sigh then for "Rebecca"
And mourn that "Rebecca" is not?
Do the birds in their cage in the kitchen
Keep silence when I am away,
Will it have an effect on the number
Of eggs they're accustomed to lay?
Of eggs they're accustomed to lay.

Trailing Arbutus.

I wonder who sets out the table,
When the hour for breakfast draws nigh,
When the fire's to be lit in the parlor,
And the sausage meat's ready to fry :
And who rings the bell in the morning,
To waken the household from sleep?
I'm sure if the cakes should be heavy
They'll think of "Rebecca" and weep,
They'll think of "Rebecca" and weep.

Who goes to the door when the bell rings,
Who scours the dining-room floor?
Miss Ellen might answer the ringing,
She certainly could not do more.
Oh, surely they'll mourn for "Rebecca"
And regret that she's gone to her home ;
They'll be sorry they scolded "Rebecca,"
For neglecting the brush and the comb,
For neglecting the brush and the comb.

You tell Mrs. Grundy I'm willing,
To give her a trial once more,
If she will but express her regrets,
For treating me shameful before.

Trailing Arbutus.

'Tis true I have some little failings,
You may tell her when of me you speak,
That she mustn't expect to get angels,
For board and twelve shillings a week,
For board and twelve shillings a week.

[Written when a schoolgirl of fourteen.]

Trailing Arbutus.

WEARY.

My Father, why so fierce and wild,
Are raging storms about me? Child,
The Master's hand rests even now,
With tender love upon thy brow.

Oh, why so long here at my feet
Do angry waters surge and beat,
And why the misty low'ring cloud
My inmost soul appall, enshroud?

E'en though I life my heart to Thee,
'Tis darkness still, I cannot see,
And ofttimes when I try to pray,
My prayers are merged in bleak dismay.

Have courage child, Lo! He is near,
He'll bring the blessing, never fear;
With yearning love He notes thy grief
And gladly comes to thy relief.

Trailing Arbutus.

With gentle hand, though firm and strong,
He'll lead thee all the way along,
Above the rifts of grief and care,
Into the sunshine sweet and fair.

1892.

Trailing Arbutus.

MINNIE.

It was whispered one bright morning
In the wondrous glory land,
That the little angel Minnie,
(Who had joined the seraph band,)
Stood beside the stately warden
As he kept the golden bar,
Sweetly pleading that in mercy
He would set the gates ajar.

"I left my dear mamma weeping;
She is lonely too I know,
For she said she could not spare me,
When they told her I must go;
Then she held me very closely,
While her pale lips moved in prayer,
And I seemed to sink in slumber—
When I waked I was not there."

Trailing Arbutus.

"Oh, I love this golden city,
And it's precious angel band;
But I long to comfort mamma
In that other far off land;
So dear angel, just a little,
Set the heavenly gates ajar,
That the glimmer of this sunshine
May reach out to her afar."

Then the angel softly answered,
While a tremor shook his frame,
"Little one, if I were able,
You should never plead in vain;
Quickly, were it in my power,
I would loose the golden bar
And send the glory glinting
Through the heavenly gates ajar."

Soon along came blessed Mary,
Knowing well a mother's love,
Laid her hand upon the portal,
And the gates began to move;

Trailing Arbutus.

Now no more that sad-eyed mother
Wanders in the dark afar,
But rejoices in the sunshine
From the heavenly gates ajar.

1877.

Trailing Arbutus.

AN IDOL OF CLAY.

She built her an idol of clay—
A something to worship here,
And all her soul was tuned that day
To music lingering near.

The music of love, pure and grand,
Its sweet echoes round her flung,
And life seemed touched with magic wand,
And rich its melodies rung.

And all the breeze with breath of flow'rs
Went chanting the sweet wild song,
'Til lofty trees and leafy bow'rs
Sent echoing strains along.

Then, over the sea of life rolled
The shadowy wave of night,
The storm clouds burst; the winds blew cold;
And the sun crept out of sight.

Trailing Arbutus.

She peered through the gloom of the years,
And nothing before her lay,
But the weary life, and the tears,
The bleak and wintersome day.

The dream was past, and over all
Was surging a fearful gale ;
And hope, enwrapped in darksome pall,
Lay chanting a mournful wail.

1882.

Trailing Arbutus.

LOST FAITH.

'Tis lain aside, the dream—
The happy dream of life
That came like sunny gleam,
When first he called thee wife.

Hopes fragrant blooms then thine,
Alas! are thine no more,
Nothing but leaves define
The pathway from thy door.

No perfume laden flow'rs
To soothe the weary pain,
That all the length'ning hours,
You try to hide in vain.

Oh, couldst thou but forget
The bitter wrongs of years
That crowd thy memory yet,
And blind thine eyes with tears.

Trailing Arbutus.

Oh, cruel broken vows,
That steep the soul in grief;
Oh, fondly spoken vows,
How sweet thy joys—how brief.

Oh, loving faith that grew
In rapture day by day,
Couldst thou but have been true,
How fair had been the way.

Beautiful faith, that taught
The heart its sweetest thrill,
Then spectral phantom wrought
Of love, pulseless and still.

Trailing Arbutus.

"NOT DEAD."

"Not dead." What a beautiful thought
To cheer us through life's dreary way;
"Not dead," but bloomed into life
Where time is eternally day.

"Not dead," but beginning to live,
In the wondrous home of the blest,
Where the sunshine of love shall woo,
The weary to peace and sweet rest.

"Not dead," 'tis a glorious hope,
And lessens the burdens we bear,
As we lay our beloved away,
To know we shall meet over there.

[Written on the first death that occurred in
Petoskey and appeared in the first edition of the
Petoskey paper.]

Trailing Arbutus.

FALSE.

So beautiful and yet so cold—
So gifted and of perfect mould,
With starry eyes and voice of fire,
Sweet as rippling tones of lyre.

Queen in pride, a woman in heart,
Almost seeming from earth apart;
Loved her, Ah me! I ne'er can tell,
How much I loved her, nor how well.

My soul bowed down to her the while,
I feasted on her sunny smile;
And still it bowed, though haughty pride
Had all her heart's deep love denied.

Moved by this love new thoughts had burst
The bonds of genius and, at first
Brought all her gifts and talents sweet,
And laid them at my darling's feet.

Trailing Arbutus.

Each fibre of my life was bound
In that sweet love, until I found
She whom I thought I knew so well
The heart's best love, could barter—sell.

And when I knew her form divine
Must rest in other arms than mine,
I seemed to live a thousand years
In one short hour of burning tears.

Though torrents drench it day by day;
The smouldering fire must have its sway
Till ashes cold and gray shall rest
Upon love's altar in my breast.

Petoskey, 1899.

Trailing Arbutus.

ALONE.

Don't grieve little Mother, don't cry,
Your poor heart is breaking I know,
They've left you to shiver and die,
While the wint'ry winds surge and blow,
Forgetting the steppings of time,
That silvered your dear old head;
Forgetting the musical chime
Hath its seventy tollings read.

Don't grieve little Mother, don't cry,
Your life is so dreary I know,
You miss the sweet voices, and sigh
For the loves of the long ago,
You've climbed up the rugged hillside,
'Mid the silvery haze of morn,
When these were your joy and your pride,
Nor felt you were weary and worn.

Trailing Arbutus.

Don't grieve little Mother, don't cry,
In His place your poor empty hands,
Who weaveth the clouds of the sky
Into rifts of shimmering bands.
Sigh not for the coming of death,
Though they whom you love have forgot,
Whom you wakened to trembling breath,
Whom but for your love—they were not.

Don't grieve little Mother, don't cry,
The shadows that darken your day
Shall lift in the near by and by,
And roses will border the way,
He knows and with tenderest care
And love, will immantle your soul,
And lead you 'mid scenes passing fair,
While the billows of time shall roll.

1892.

Trailing Arbutus.

WE-QUE-TON-SING.

There's a quaint little nook, a spot I know,
On the shores of Traverse Bay,
Where early in summer, each year, I go
And dream the long hours away,
Beneath the shade of the dear birchen trees
That quiver the live-long day.

'Neath the white-robed trees, the dainty limbed
trees,
Whose arms reach out o'er the lea,
And whose rustling leaves with the singing
breeze
Trill songs that are dear to me—
Songs that I cherish in memory sweet
Of the Days at old "We-que."



THE BIRCHES AT WE-QUE-TON-SING.

44

Trailing Arbutus.

When winter days wane, and summer suns glow,
My face to the northland turns;
And spite of the friends I must leave, I go,
To live 'mong the birch and ferns:
Where'er I may be, for this dear wild home,
My heart still longingly yearns.

I have a lover up there, you may know,
And I love him best of all.
A lover who comes when the soft winds blow
With sweet, wild, mystical thrall.
His name is 'The Breeze, and on cheek and brow
His kisses do oftentimes fall.

Trailing Arbutus.

PEACE.

I am weary, oh, so weary,
Yet by faith I hear Thee say,
"Child let not your heart be troubled,
Look to me I am the way,
I can still the angry waters,
I can bid the tempest cease,
I can fill the soul with gladness,
I will give to thee sweet peace."

Trailing Arbutus.

ROBERT BURNS.

A poet born who never knew
When first his inspiration grew.
His baby brow the master crowned
With genius few before had found;
Attuned his heart to magic lyre,
And filled his soul with fond desire
To sing, in rhapsodies so sweet,
That all with love his songs would greet,
And lay their trophies at his feet.

When from his babyhood he turned,
His youthful heart with rapture burned,
And all his bonny boyhood days
Were glorified with minstrel lays.
In humble home, a lowly cot,
A genius ne'er to be forgot
Burst gladly forth 'mong Scottish hills
In rounds of rare melodious trills,
Sweeter than brooklet's gurgling rills.

Trailing Arbutus.

A bard who inspiration found
In purpling hills, or grassy mound.
All things in nature, would enthuse
To lofty heights this wondrous muse.
In fields, on ploughshare, Burns would sit
And ruminate, with splendid wit,
Upon the things that round him lay,
The purple skies, the sunny day,
Then poet's homage to them pay.

From home and mead, he fearless drew
The chords that Scotland's heart well knew;
And in quaint dialect he trilled
Until her heart with joy was filled.
Each incident his mind impressed
Was honored with the poet's best.
Inspired with tender loving thought,
Or high, or low, it mattered not,
His gifted spirit none forgot.

When anguish touched the poet's heart
He sang in prayer with wondrous art.
When death's cold visage did intrude
He sang again in heavenly mood.
When "The Cotter's Saturday Night"
Was ushered in, so full and bright,

Trailing Arbutus.

All caught the gleam from heaven sent,
That Scotia's native soil be blent
With loving hearts and sweet content.

When musing o'er the Psalms, he lifts
His thoughts from earth to cloudless rifts,
And rests upon such lofty height
As fills the soul with rare delight.
And when inspired some epitaph
To write, perchance irrev'rent laugh,
(Uncanny though the thought may be),
This bard of bards would bring to thee,
O'erpowering better self's decree.

The mountain daisy, and the mouse,
The Auld Guidewife of Wauchope House,
From all he inspiration drew,
And clothed them in a glory new.
And oft fond nature would incline
The poet soul to things divine,
'Till he with bonny heart, "sae braw,"
Would offer thanks to God for "a' "
The gifts that "nane can take awa'."

And when the blasts of winter night
Enrobed the earth with mantle white,

Trailing Arbutus.

His tender heart with loving word
Sang to the "ilka happing bird;"
Then musing, thought him how the gust
Of angry, freezing, biting frost
Held even less malicious ire
Than vengeful heart's unkind desire,
Then sang of these with tongue of fire.

His fond farewell to banks of Ayr
He sang in sweet impassioned prayer.
Fair Caledonia's purple heaths
He crowned with bright immortal wreaths;
And then with tender, loving sigh
He sang to friends of mystic tie,
And bidding sweet farewell to "a'," "
He asked them that a tear might "fa'" "
For him, the bard that's "far awa'."

When love's sweet passion did inspire
His heart to song, no tone of lyre
E'er flung to Scotland's fragrant breeze
More sweetly thrilling notes than these.
Like some wild bird at early morn
O'er sun-capped hill is lightly borne,

Trailing Arbutus.

So Burns, with gift divine by right,
Soared oft in notes of wild delight
To regions of bewild'ring height.

His inmost soul he would outpour
In raptured words, that richly bore
Response to every pulse of life,
That told of joy and peace, or strife.
His true Scotch heart with mystic charm
Would quick detect, and give alarm,
When wanton wrong decree had passed
That danger's threat, with "unco'" blast,
O'er Scotland's homes a menace cast.

When he his famous "Bannockburn,"
With skill unrivaled, did outurn,
(The marvelous masterpiece we greet
That brought all Scotland to his feet),
So full of pathos, pride, and power
He sang, it proved his crowning hour ;
And, like a brand of liquid flame,
It burned its way to lasting fame,
And glorified the poet's name.

F

Trailing Arbutus.

MARGUERITE.

Beneath the maple shade
I first saw Marguerite,
The fairest, sweetest maid
'Twas e'er my lot to meet;
With dimpled cheek and chin,
And eyes of heaven's blue,
She drew my heart within
A thraldom strange and new.

She held me as in trance;
'Mong many, she alone
Had with her witching glance
My reason overthrown.
New Joys before me stood,
New beauties round me lay;
The earth, the sky, the wood,
Seemed glorified that day.

Trailing Arbutus.

Till then, my heart had lain
Unwakened by love's call,
Nor knew, the joy, the pain,
Of Cupid's mystic thrall;
But as the morning sun
Begems the dewy flow'rs,
So life for me begun
With love's first happy hours.

The rosy light of morn
Seemed round about me thrown
When first the hope was born
To win her for my own;
And when I called her mine—
My darling little girl,
To me she was divine—
My Marguerite, my pearl.
Petoskey, 1900.

Trailing Arbutus.

ADAM AND EVE FIRST CREATED
IMMORTAL.

In the mystic days of old
When the world was in its youth,
E'er the story had been told
Of the mighty force of truth;
In a land of spice and myrrh,
Where the myrtle and the balm
And the lily and the fir,
Grew beside the stately palm;

There was heard by listening breeze,
As in sportive play it sped
Through the maze of lofty trees
Quivering lightly overhead,
Notes of sweeter melody
Than the tinkling sound of lyre,
Mingling with the symphony
Trilled by dainty feathered choir.

Trailing Arbutus.

'Twas the voice of the Divine,
Gently thrillingly and low
Softly murmuring "these are mine,
It was I that bade them grow,"
Then He onward moved apace
Through the blossom bordered path,
While a glory crowned His face
Such as never mortal hath.

Passing on He soon espied
Creatures two of perfect mould,
Standing closely side by side
Where the leaves their wealth unfold;
Creatures He had called to life
In this wondrous garden fair,
Human man and human wife
Bade them dwell together there.

Bade them drink from nature's hand,
Breathe her perfume laden air
Till together they should stand
In physique beyond compare.

Trailing Arbutus.

Now through harmony complete,
They were gods in all but soul
Standing humbly at His feet;
Should He grant to them the whole?

God in nature, God in love;
Would He now His greatness share
With the human, should they prove
Worthy of a gift so fair?
Aye with willing heart He breathed
Into them immortal life;
Thus to sons of men bequeathed,
Power over sin and strife.

Lo! the birds began to sing,
Mid the murm'ring of the trees
Marvelous melodies to ring,
Out, in gladness on the breeze;
For the great "I AM" had lain
On mankind His hand of grace,
Sin and cowardice had slain,
And with love had filled their place.

Trailing Arbutus.

Now though science may in sooth,
 Turn its light on mystic lore,
Still this legend proves the truth
 Of the story told of yore,
How that Eden's children were,
 First of men and women seen ;
That immortal glory there,
 Crowned them truly King and Queen.
 Albany, Georgia, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

CAST YOUR NET ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

Oh, wonderful power of thought,
Oh, magical words divine,
As the Master lovingly taught
The weary to cast the line.

On the side of the right, Oh man,
On the side of right, and you
Shall weave from life's wonderful plan
A building both strong and true.

Casting your line on the right, then,
Adown the river of life,
Floating you touch the souls of men
Oft winning from sin and strife.

There's never a soul but shall lead,
With influence good or ill,
Another who shall in their need
Yield all to a stronger will.

Trailing Arbutus.

There are beautiful souls that tread
The walks of the higher life,
Where the fragrance of love is shed
And hope's fairest blossoms rife.

Then I pray you may cast your line
On the sturdy side of right,
While culling from memory's shrine
The bloom of infinite light.

Trailing Arbutus.

There, amid the distant rumbling,
Slept the city of the dead—
All its wondrous glory crumbling,
All its splendid greatness fled.

1900.

Trailing Arbutus.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

Gather the fairest blooms of earth
And scatter them o'er the dead,
Who, for the land that gave them birth,
So freely their life's blood shed.

Question not, is it blue or gray,
That rests 'neath emerald pall,
Only remember this to-day,
They were honored soldiers all.

Strangers though they may be to you,
Your love they have dearly bought,
Hold them in memory brave and true—
Give to them tenderest thought.

Somebody loved them, some one wept,
When the last good-byes were said,
Somebody's heart sad vigil kept,
When these were reported dead.

Trailing Arbutus.

Somebody's kiss hath often pressed
The lips that are silent now,
Somebody's tender hand caressed
With loving the soldier's brow.

All the world would somebody pay
If they could but take your place
And scatter roses here to-day,
On their dear dead soldier's face.

Beautiful flowers, pile them high
All over the velvet sod,
Breathe for somebody's boy a sigh,
Who lies 'neath the cold earth clod.

Scatter the roses that the breeze
May carry their fragrance high
Up through the maze of lofty trees,
To the home beyond the sky.

Trailing Arbutus.

FELICITAS.

One lingering glance and assurance is mine
That she in whose presence I wait ;
With soul to my soul in power divine,
Is speaking as fate unto fate.

I list and rapturous melody sweet,
Doth the gates of my being hold ;
While I, with mystical reverence greet
A jewel more precious than gold.

Away from the level of earth I'm drawn,
Enfolded in sweet atmosphere ;
Where the loftiest thoughts of nature dawn,
And the tablet of soul is clear.

And I know that to me the heights whereon,
True kisses of love shall be known ;
Reach up where the ray of the stars bend down,
And touch with their glory the throne.

Trailing Arbutus.

The throne of the heart that has listened long
At the gates of the great unknown;
And is trilling at last the sweet wild song
Of a love that is all its own.

1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

WHEN NANCY RODE THE WHEEL.

'Twas summer time in ninety-three,
When Nancy first began
To think she'd orter hev a wheel,
En join the cycling van;
En so I 'lowed to humor her,
Fer she wuz twenty-three,
En I wuz fifty-eight in June—
Though felt as young as she.

I sed, sez I, "my little gel,
Ef cycling's what you'd like,
Jess say the word, en I'll go down
En order up a bike."
I se'd the gel wuz mighty pleased,
En I jess mozzied down
En ordered up a "Mead" fer her,
En ordered me a "Crown."

G

Trailing Arbutus.

Well, Nancy lerned to ride of course,
En like the wind would fly,
While I, from gettin' off and on,
Could find no time to try.
Sometimes I got a yard or two,
En thought I'd mastered et,
Then wabble, wabble went thet wheel,
En I went off from et.

At last I jest made up my mind
I'd ride er I'd know why,
En on the thing I flung myself
En started, but oh my,
I hed'nt gone a rod I think,
When something seemed ter crack,
En in a moment more I lay
Full length upon my back.

Young Jones en Nancy both rode up
Ter see ef I wuz killed,
En nearly bust themselves with laugh
Ter find me only spilled;

Trailing Arbutus.

En then they rode, en rode, en rode,
My Nancy en thet Jones ;
But I sent back the "Crownner" wheel,
En 'lowed I'd save my bones.

Next day I kept my easy chair ;
The best thing I could do,
Fer over all my body there
Were spots of black en blue.
Et tuk me mor'n a month ter git
Myself a workin' right ;
En I keep thet witch-hazel yit
Beside by bed at night.

Now how thet pesky printer man
Caught on, I can't divine ;
But when the Daily came, I van,
Et hed the thing down fine.
Et pictured me a lyin' there,
A sprawlin' in the dirt,
En people comin' on the jump
Ter see ef I wuz hurt.

Trailing Arbutus.

You bet I stopped thet paper then,
En didn't care a whit
Ef I hed paid the printer man
A year ahead fer et.
Well things 'twixt Nancy Jane en me
Grew sort o' cloudy like,
Fer I wuz lonely now you see,
While Nancy rode the bike.

I tried ter keep the housework up,
Wash dishes, sweep an dust,
En sometimes too, I cooked the meals;
You see I thought I must,
'Cause Nancy hedn't time no more;
She didn't seem ter care
A picayune fer anything,
'Cept cycling in the air.

I used ter storm, en rave, en say
I wished I'd never bought
That flambergasted wheel o' hers.
She'd laughing say, "you ought

Trailing Arbutus.

Be thankful dear thet I can be
Out in the balmy breeze,
A drinkin' in the fragrance from
The blossoms on the trees."

But one day Nancy shyly came,
A sort o' limpin' like,
En sed, "I'm tired o' cycling now,
You'd better sell the bike."
I didn't give the grass a chance
Ter grow so very long,
Before I sold thet tarnal wheel,
En sold it for a song.

The sun is shinin' brighter now,
The birds sing sweeter too,
En people don't keep askin' me,
"What makes you look so blue?"
"I'm gettin' quite myself agin,
En tell you what, I feel
Lots better than I ever felt,
When Nancy rode the wheel.

Trailing Arbutus.

THET PREACHIN'.

There's a feller what's been preachin'
Ter the people et Bay View,
En the rantin' of his teachin',
Turns their feelin's all askew.
First he sets hisself ter walkin'
Back en forth en up en down,
Then he gets his self ter talkin'
Jess perzackly like er Clown.

Makes ye madder than er hatter,
Tellin' of ye ugly things,
Hits ye right en left no matter
How ye take his pinted flings.
If ye cannot stand the racket,
Feel ez tho' ye couldn't stay
Jess pick up yer coat en jacket
En perlately walk away.

Trailing Arbutus.

Jones I spose 'll pause er minute
Then with laughter mebbe say,
"Never mind ther's nuthin' in it
Nuthin' missed with them away."
Then he'll mention smooth en smilin',
Things ye orter do en say,
Till yer blood iz fairly billin'
En ye long ter get away.

Calls ye names ez mean ez pizen,
"Billy Goat" en "cat" en "rat"
Till ye feel yer har er rizen,
En ye wonder what yer at ;
Never sez er word ov lovin'
Ner ov tryin' to do right,
But yer sins he keeps er shuin'
Et ye till ye wants ter fight.

Never hints about the beauty
Ov the birds en flow'rs en trees,
Jess keeps harpin' ov yer duty
En er givin' ye er breeze.

Trailing Arbutus.

Guess Jones never sees the shinin'
Ov the golden summer sun,
Less he'd stop his cronik whinin'
En his rantin' days be done.

Petoskey, 1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

A BOUQUET.

A darling sweet boy
Sent flying one day
From Varsity home,
A dainty bouquet.

Grandmother caught it,
The pretty sweet toy,
And lovingly prized
This gift from her boy.

She clasped to her heart
Each beautiful flow'r,
And there they shall bloom
Through memory's hour.

Trailing Arbutus.

A GOOD NIGHT SONG.

Good night, good night, a sweet good night,
 May fairies close thine eyes,
While mantle bright with starry light
 Enfold the sombre skies;
May golden dreams with beauteous gleams
 Of future joys be thine,
And angel bands thy guiding hands,
 Through slumber's mystic shrine.

Good night, good night, a sweet good night,
 While brooding o'er thee, sleep
Shall bring release from care, and peace
 Shall faithful vigil keep;
Nor sin, nor strife, nor toils of life,
 Disturb this rest of thine,
Till break of day with roseate ray
 Shall herald night's decline.

Trailing Arbutus.

Good night, good night, a fond good night,
Full soon the morning will
In splendor rise athwart the skies
And crown the eastern hill;
And jewels bright from dew of night
Shall gem the leafy bowers,
And all the air with fragrance rare,
Shall breathe of summer flowers.

1901.

Trailing Arbutus.

RECREANCE.

Are we forgetting grace of soul
And tenderness of heart,
While vice and sin with strong control,
Dethrone life's better part?
We who might easy stem the tide
By bending down to throw
The lifeline out, where oft abide
Souls sick of sin and woe?

Shall we sit idly by and see
The beastly fumes of crime,
That taint with untold infamy,
The horoscope of time?
Be willing blind, to shameful wrong,
Ignore a brother's woe,
Give patient ear to ribald song,
The easier to us so?

Trailing Arbutus.

Are we devoid of chivalry,
Nor dare to lift a hand,
While deeds of darkest villainy,
Run riot through the land?
Oh, men and women, ponder well,
O'er duties fully known,
And dare be brave for who can tell
The victory you may own.

Is there a wrong, then do your best
Let not a burning shame
Be left in quietude to rest
Lest innocence it claim;
And while life's mission you fulfill
Scorn threats that bid you fear;
You're doing but the Master's will
His spirit lingers near.

Oh, mother guard the little one,
God gave to bless your life;
Through childhood, yea, 'till youth is done
Shield it from sin and strife;

Trailing Arbutus.

O merrily then through leafy glen,
Or soaring away o'er field and fen,
You all the day long, with trill and song,
Shall sweetly gladden the hearts of men.

O birdie blue, we're waiting for you—
Waiting to hear your melodies true,
The winter day wanes, on glowing panes,
And welcome summer day comes in view.

1900.

11



ROARING BROOK.

Trailing Arbutus.

ROARING BROOK.

Dainty, tinkling, bubbling brook
Tumbling out through quiet nook,
'Neath an overarching crown
From the hilltop bending down.

Softly gliding, murm'ring rill,
Bringing from the wealth of hill
Sparkling jewels, deftly made,
Sailing down through glen and glade.

In thy fragrant leafy dells,
Full of beauty's magic spells,
Youth and maiden, arm in arm,
Strolling, find a mystic charm.

If we could but understand
All the lore of fairy land,
Sweet indeed the love tale then
We might list to in this glen.

H

Trailing Arbutus.

By thy side we're lulled to dreams,
First of silver gurgling streams,
Then of life's best happy hours
Crowned by truth's prophetic pow'rs.

Dream that castles in the wood
Close beside a streamlet stood,
Filled with gems of lavish worth
Gathered from the realms of earth.

Dream of kingdoms all our own—
Wake to find our emerald throne
But a mossy cushioned nook,
Down beside the Roaring Brook.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE LITTLE SUNSHINERS.

The dear little sunshiners say,
From their bonny sweet hearts of gold, of gold,
 “If we have a pleasure to-day,
Pass it on, don’t let it grow cold, grow cold.
 Some one’s needing,
 Sadly we fear,
Hearts are bleeding,
 We’ll give them cheer.”

The dear little sunshiners say,
From their bonny sweet hearts of gold, of gold,
 “We’re God’s little Peters to-day,
To work as did Peter of old, of old.
 Some one’s needing,
 Sadly we fear,
Hearts are bleeding,
 We’ll give them cheer.”

Trailing Arbutus.

The dear little sunshiners say,
From their bonny sweet hearts of gold, of gold,
 "We'll scatter the sunshine to-day,
O'er hearts that are bitter and cold, and cold.
 Some one's needing,
 Sadly we fear,
Hearts are bleeding,
 We'll give them cheer."

The dear little sunshiners say,
From their bonny sweet hearts of gold, of gold,
 "God gave us our pleasures to-day,
Pass them on, don't let them grow cold, grow
cold.
 Some one's needing,
 Sadly we fear,
Hearts are bleeding,
 We'll give them cheer."

Trailing Arbutus.

ENGLAND.

Oh, England, dear old Fatherland,
Our hearts are grieved for thee ;
We pity thee—nor understand
Why wretched wars should be.
Oh, England, glorious Isle of Sea,
Far o'er the briny strand,
With anxious hearts, we pray for thee,
Our bonny Fatherland.

We pray that He, who through long years
Hath spared our noble Queen,
May lift His hand—dispel all fears,
And let His might be seen.
May that sweet faith, dear Fatherland,
That through our childhood years
Was taught us by thy Christian band,
Still wipe away our tears.

Trailing Arbutus.

Our hearts through faith are trusting now,
That in His own good time
Our God shall crown some kingly brow
With wisdom all sublime ;
With power to grasp the ship of state
And wrest with mighty arm
Its colors from a low estate,
And place them out of harm.

Dear England, while our brothers spend
Their life's blood out for thee,
We bow in silent prayer and send
Our love across the sea,
And while we pray we fain would grasp
With tender love thy hand,
And hold it in fraternal clasp—
God bless our native land.



Trailing Arbutus.

LEAD THOU THE WAY.

[Written on the death of President McKinley.]

Beneath the bitter chastening rod,
In deep humility, to-day
A nation breathes—In Thee oh, God ;
In Thee we trust, lead Thou the way ;
Amid the gloom and tears we pray,
Lead Thou the way, lead Thou the way.

Have we, in blindness nourished wrong
Unwittingly, through freedom's claim,
Till vipers writhing 'mid the throng,
A nation moves to tears and shame ?
Our father's God, turn not away,
Be Thou our tower of strength to-day.

Trailing Arbutus.

The horoscope of time lays bare ;
 We see in this most awful deed
The problem solved, the people's care,
 To pluck from earth the dangerous seed.
Our Nation's God, give us the will—
Lead Thou the way, be with us still.

The life of our illustrious Chief,
 A benediction sweet has been ;
His death so grand, so fraught with grief,
 A benediction brings again,
And while the nation mourns to-day,
The God he trusted leads the way.

The kingly life so lost to earth,
 Was fashioned by a mother's prayer ;
A saintly mother love gave birth
 To character sublimely fair ;
To Thee, that mother's God we pray,
From out the gloom lead Thou the way.

Trailing Arbutus.

ODE TO EASTER.

Thou hast come oh, lovely Easter,
Morn of hope,
And already touched with fragrance,
Wooded slope ;
Come in dainty, jewelled mantle,
And its sheen,
Shines with glinting rays of splendor,
Easter Queen.

Oh, we give thee warmest welcome,
Easter day,
Thou, whom gloomy bonds of winter
Kissed away.
Thou, who art the glad forerunner
Of good cheer,
Thou, who on the wings of summer,
Draweth near.

Trailing Arbutus.

May the glory of thy coming,
Easter day,
For a stronger, truer building,
Pave the way,
Till within the sacred temple
Of the heart,
We've a larger room for Jesus
Set apart.

As we gaze into the blue eyes
Of the spring,
Heralded by breath of Easter,
Let us sing;
Let us shout the glad Hosannas
All along,
Through the Temples of the Master,
Trill the song.

Trill the song of the Redeemer,
While the hills,
And the forests, and the valleys,
And the rills,

Trailing Arbutus.

Chant His praises, and the murm'ring
Of the breeze,
Sends the echoes floating upwards
'Mong the trees.

Let us deck with fairest blossoms,
Chancel rail,
Let us pile upon the altar,
Lilies pale,
While we sing of the Messiah,
Him above,
Sing of all His wondrous glory,
And His love.

1902.

Trailing Arbutus.

SLEEP MY LOVE.

A SONG QUARTETTE.

Sleep, sleep my love, the silver moon is beaming,
Far o'er the hills the sun's last rays have fled.
From out a cloudless sky the stars are gleaming,
Bright wingéd fairies hover o'er thy bed.
Sleep, sweetly sleep, and gladsome be thy
dreaming,
While I fond vigil keep. O sleep love, sleep.

Dream, dream my love, the angel night is
bending
Low o'er the earth in dusky mystic pall;
And only with the whisp'ring breeze is blending,
From leafy perch, the night bird's lonely call.
Dream, sweetly dream, let heav'nly mists de-
scending
Close thine eyes, fair one. O dream love,
dream.

Trailing Arbutus.

Sleep, sleep my love, while summer winds are
breathing

Soft lullabies to dimly list'ning ears,
And all the fragrance of earth's blooms en-
wreathing

Shall woo thee still to gentle slumber here.
Sleep, sweetly sleep, till morn shall rise be-
queathing

Her splendor to the skies. O rest love, rest.

Wake, wake my love, the light of day is
breaking.

From out her nest the joyous lark hath flown.
All nature breathes of rosy dawn's awak'ning.

Come rouse thee from thy beauty sleep, my
own.

Wake, wake my love, I fond adieux am making.
Ope' then thine eyes, my sweet. O wake love,
wake.

Trailing Arbutus.

EASTER JUBILATE.

How glad, how glad is my heart to-day,
How it thrills with joy and peace,
As I roam in thought the wondrous way
That leads to the soul's release.

I could almost think the crystal gate,
In lattice of amber hue,
Ajar to-day; and that angels wait
To welcome the weary through.

All glowing with praise, the morning light
Burst forth in the eastern sky,
And smilingly kissed away the night
And gilded the clouds on high.

The wind with a gentle lulling sigh,
Is carolling praises too,
As from the trees of emerald dye
She brushes the pearly dew.

Trailing Arbutus.

All nature echoes the songs of praise—
The wood, the meadow and glen ;
And why should not we our voices raise
And join in the glad Amen.

Trailing Arbutus.

SAMANTHA AMONG THE POETS.

Thou messenger of righteous wrath,
By sorrow wrought,
Ring out o'er every trodden path
Love freighted thought,
Of how our glorious Christian lands
Of well earned fame,
Are struggling 'neath the murderous hands
Of licensed shame.

With tongue of fire such crimes condemn,
In love divine,
Speak thou these mighty truths to men,
And victory's thine.
Go forth and benediction sweet
Shall on thee rest ;
Men's hearts shall melt, and thou shalt meet
Those thou hast blessed.

Trailing Arbutus.

Write thou, in burning words of flame,
With tear-dipped pen;
So shalt thou touch with blush of shame
The hearts of men.
Unfearing write, and thou may'st claim
The right to win
The golden sheaves of well-earned fame,
And bring them in.

And then our God shall raise in power
His Kingly hand,
And for thee build a mighty tower
Of Jewels grand.
And womanhood, with blessings rare,
Shall strew thy way,
And songs of gladness everywhere
Hallow thy day.

I

Trailing Arbutus.

THE NEW BABY.

What's that—little manikin child—
A Baby; and brought all the way
By storks from the western wild,
To live with your Mamma you say?

And so you are hiding your sled,
And putting your playthings away,
And going to take doggie Ned,
And go off to Grandma's and stay.

You think you will just take a peep
In the bedroom before you go,
And see if dear Mamma's asleep—
Slip softly in on the tip toe—

What's that—little manikin child?
You kissed it—the pretty sweet toy—
And then Mamma kissed you, and smiled,
And called you her dear little boy.

Trailing Arbutus.

And now you don't think you will go,
But just stay at home—you and Ned,
'Cause Baby ain't big 'nough to know
'Bout getting your playthings or sled.

Well, well, little manikin child,
My bravest of brave little men,
You were jealous and almost wild,
I knew how it was with you then.

1902.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE JEWELS OF THE COUNTRY HOME.

Some find them in
The wonderful quarters of pumpkin pie,
Made from the golden nuggets that lie
Over the fence in the field near by—
Beautiful nuggets of rounded form
Clinging to vines 'neath the tasseled corn.

Some find them in
The amber cider we love to test ;
The twisted doughnuts with frosted crest,
That only mother can make the best ;
The turkey roast and chicken pie
Done to a turn 'neath a practised eye.

Jewels I seek
You will not find 'mong any of these ;
But out where the perfume laden breeze
Sings to the leaves of the forest trees,
Then swooping down where the daisies grow,
Playfully tumbles the thistle blow.

Trailing Arbutus.

Of those I speak
Who are in the country homes to-day,
Lovingly passing the hours away
In song and joke and gay repartee ;
Jewels that shine with a lustre bright
In the field at morn, in the home at night.

I have in mind
The boys and the girls with hearts of gold,
Jewels whose worth can never be told,
Jewels that cannot be bought or sold,
Jewels that father and mother wear
Proudly and lovingly everywhere.

And you will find
The brightest gems in the country are
The laddies that in the parlor fair,
No matter how rich, find welcome there ;
Jewels that brighten the dear old home
With fun and laughter at twilight gloam.

Trailing Arbutus.

These are you see
The boys and the girls who fear no frown,
Though soft and fine be the cushion's down,
Who, unlike those of city or town,
Are always sure of a mother's smile
When dropping their heads on silken pile.

How proud are we
Of the boy who after winter's snow
Is always ready to plow or sow,
And then to gather the crops that grow,
And again at even to study and read
And ponder over his country's need.

Our country's peers
We find them among the martyred dead,
The boys whom Christian mothers have led
From cradle up to a nation's head;
Circled their childhood with loving care
And crowned their manhood with trustful
prayer.

Trailing Arbutus.

We have no fears
For the pearls we've reared in glen and
shade;
For the dainty, laughing, winsome maid
With eye nutbrown, or heavenly shade,
Bright eye that with roguish sparkle glows,
And cheek that rivals the blush of rose.

These sweet young lives
We love, whose worth has never been told,
The boys and the girls with hearts of gold,
That cannot be bought, cannot be sold;
These are the jewels I find abide
Out 'mong the hills of the country side.

Trailing Arbutus.

THE UNSPOKEN WORDS OF THE SOUL.

[Dedicated to Mrs. C. W. Tift, Albany, Georgia.]

If away from your home and alone
And the faces about you are new,
With never a friend you have known
And have tried and found loving and true ;

If the souls that with yours have communed
When no word was whispered or spoken
But when only the souls were attuned
To music of silence unbroken ;

If away from all these you sojourn
And the sky seems to hide from your view,
And in weakness of body you turn,
While the tear mists your vision bedew—

Trailing Arbutus.

Ah! Then come the jewels that grow
 "Through the arduous labor of soul"
The deep hidden jewels that glow
 Far away from all human control.

There are those then that dare to reveal
 From the depths of the kingdom divine,
How through listening ear your appeal
 Has been caught and embraced in love's
 shrine.

By the gift of a blossom, perchance,
 Is the wonderful token oft-while
Conveyed, and the soul's radiant glance
 Is embracing the gift of a smile.

With love we may open the doorway
 Of the sweet inexhaustible spring,
And drink of the waters that alway
 The diviner discoveries bring.

Trailing Arbutus.

MY SWEETHEART.

She isn't in the "Smart Set,"
My Marguerite my Pearl,
She doesn't know the "Smart Set,"
My darling little girl;

Her heart is blithe and golden,
And all her life is true
And joyous as the sunshine
That sips the early dew.

Her jewels are the dewdrops
That gem the wood and glen,
And sparkle in the sunshine,
To gladden hearts of men.

Her bric-a-brac, the daisies
And buttercups, that grow,
Down where with red top'd clover,
The meadow's all aglow.

Trailing Arbutus.

Her voice is sweet as wild bird's—
 So full and round and clear—
My every pulse goes throbbing,
 Its witching notes to hear.

Her cheeks are sweet and dimpled,
 Her winsome eyes are blue,
And best of all she's promised
 To ever love me true.

Trailing Arbutus.

A GOOD NIGHT SERENADE.

Good-night, good-night, my own love.

A fond good-night to thee.

May angels guard thy sleep love,

And vigil keep o'er thee.

May sweetly lulling breeze

Soft veil thine eyes of blue,

And murm'ring song of trees

To gentle slumber woo.

Good-night, good-night.

May breath of fragrant flowers

Waft kisses o'er thy cheek,

While all the starry hours

Of sparkling jewels speak ;

And when the rosy morn

Shall herald day's return,

Thou'lt wake at early dawn,

The old, sweet song to learn.

Good-night, good-night.

Trailing Arbutus.

Good-night, my sweet, my own love,
A fond good-night to thee,
May fairies bring thee dreams, love,
Of future joys to be.
Hushed be the night bird's song,
And stilled the rustling leaf,
Till all the feathered throng
Come ushering night's relief.
Good-night, good-night.

Trailing Arbutus.

LINES TO A LOANED BOOK.

Oh, Beulah, dear Beulah, the wretch who beguiled

You far from your mates on the shelf,
Has forgotten perchance you are not his child,
That still you belong to myself.

They've read you, and loved you, but never
returned you,

Just thoughtlessly laid you away—
And now I am sending a messenger for you,
Come home with him Beulah I pray.

I'm willing dear Beulah, most willing to lend
you,

But now you've been gone a whole year,
And I have decided this message to send you,
So Beulah, come home, will you dear?

1870.

Trailing Arbutus.

TEACHING.

There is no use in preaching
Unless you understand ;
You can't succeed in teaching
By harrowing up the land.

A little kindly raking
When sowing of the seed
Is better far than breaking
The heart to make it bleed.

But let your soul be burning
And thrilling with God's love,
And all your being yearning
For wisdom from above ;

Then go among the lowly,
Find those who need your care ;
In spirit meek and holy
Teach them the worth of prayer.

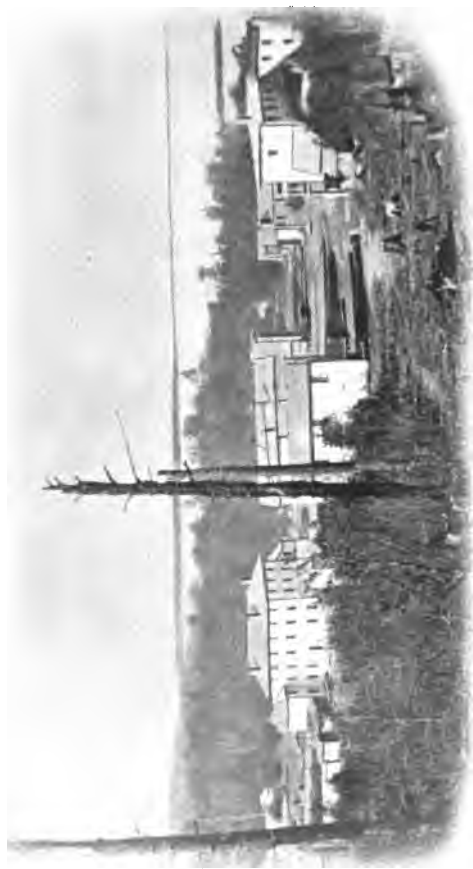
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Trailing Arbutus.

And men shall give you blessing
Whom you have taught the way
To glory in possessing
The light of perfect day.

Albany, 1901.

44



PETOSKEY IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

Trailing Arbutus.

ME-NOH-NAH, THE CHIEF'S GRAND-
DAUGHTER.

It was Springtime in the Northland,
And the day's fair shadows lengthened.
Winter's snows were fastly melting,
And with merry ripple speeding
To the greater waters waiting.
And the sparkling bubbling brooklets,
On their journey swiftly gliding,
Filled the air with limpid music,
Mingling with the rustling leaflet
And the tender murm'ring breezes
From the sheeted waters wafted,
Of the great lake Westward lying.

Bay and hillside lay resplendent
'Mid the glinting rays of sunlight,
And the air's unrivalled freshness,
With delicious fragrance laden,
Touched with spell of magic beauty

Trailing Arbutus.

All that met the wond'ring vision.

Nestling 'mid the tinted foliage
That from soft winds, gently blowing,
Held aback the rippling sunlight,
There were ranged the rustic buildings
Of the sturdy white frontierman.

Up from chimneys floated fleecy
Puffs of smoke, that higher rising
Mingled with the sun-capped cloudlets,
Bay and forest overhanging.

Out from leafy woodland leaping,
Came the laughing singing waters
Of the river Mi-she-mo-qu¹.
Here beside the great bear river
Stood the Lodge of Pe-to-se-ga.
Here this son of warrior chieftain
Had for many changing seasons
Dwelt in peace among the settlers;
All the language of the white man
To his brothers had translated.
Gallant was this son of nature;
Strong and true and faithful hearted;

¹Great Bear River.

Trailing Arbutus.

He it was who taught the red man
Better things than war's devices ;
He it was who held the gateway
To the passions of his people,
Led them into paths more peaceful,
More enlightened and more useful.

Many years ago this sturdy
Son of Chippewa's great Chieftain,
On returning from a journey
To the far off Northern country,
From the land of the Ojibway ;
Came with stealthy silent footsteps,
Down the trail that Marquette followed,
Winding through the shadowed thicket,
Which at eventide gave coolness
To the sunbeam's wonted lingering.

Not alone came this young warrior ;
Moccasined and lightly stepping
Followed maiden, straight and supple.
All the way through stretch of forest,
This fair maiden, Wa-bun Au-nung,¹

¹Morning Star.

Trailing Arbutus.

Willing roamed with Pe-to-se-ga,
Who had made her his companion,
Who had wed her in that Country,
She who was of all their maidens
Queen in nature and in beauty;
She whose rounded cheek gave token
In its paleness and its blushing,
That within her veins there mingled
Blood of Saxon with Ojibway.
And the young brave Pe-to-se-ga,
Led the maiden, Wa-bun Au-nung,
Through the village to his cabin;
There he welcomed her home-coming
By the giving and the sharing
With her, all of his possessions.

Many moons have since been waning,
Yet within the little cabin,
Still the matron Wa-bun Au-nung,
Dwells, and with her Pe-to-se-ga.
Not alone these two are dwelling,
For to them has come a stranger,
There's a winsome brown eyed maiden
Now, who fills their lives with gladness,

Trailing Arbutus.

And the heart of Pe-to-se-ga
Thrills with love for fair Me-noh-nah,
As he sees in her the image
Of her mother, Wa-bun Au-nung—
She who was of all the maidens
'Mong the great Ojibway's fairest.

And these loving hearted parents,
Fondly on their treasure doting,
Yielded all to her desiring,
Till her childhood days receiving
Only smiles and tender loving,
She knew naught of care or sorrow
Greater than will oft in childhood
Come like rain-drops 'mid the sunshine,
Scarcely falling e'er 'tis vanished.
Mingling with the wives of settlers,
Wa-bun Au-nung, skillful ever,
Swiftly and with nimble fingers
Brodered garments for Me-noh-nah.
Hours she sat beneath the pine trees
Artful weaving beaded blossoms,
And the moccasins preparing
For the little maiden's wearing.
And Me-noh-nah grew in childhood

Trailing Arbutus.

More and more like pale faced children,
And when later she went dreaming,
Longing, yearning, then repining,
They her lineage remembering
Felt that, through her veins was tingling
Blood of white race, doubtless bringing
To her strange and fond ambitions.
Then the faithful Pe-to-se-ga
Sold the lands that he so proudly
Had for many years been holding;
Sold them that he might be able
To appease the longing—yearning,
Of the tender hearted maiden—
Of his darling, his Me-noh-nah—
Who like blossoms of the wild-wood,
All uncultured had been growing,
All untutored, save by nature,
Into rare voluptuous moulding.
In his fondness Pe-to-se-ga,
Ever watching his beloved,
Was a way preparing, whereby
All her wildest, girlish dreaming
She might wake to find obtaining.

Trailing Arbutus.

Many leagues from this the home land,
Stood the City of Grand Haven,
Where were all the gifts of knowledge
Gained, that formed the mind of culture.
Here the father placed Me-noh-nah,
Here in care of sweet faced sisters
Left he her, and homeward wended.
Satisfied he was in knowing
That through all his sacrificing,
She, his child, content was gaining.

Days and months went swiftly passing—
And again the little cabin
In the wood-land three was shelt'ring,
For Me-noh-nah, bright and winning,
O'er the home again was reigning.
And the happy hearted maiden
Now was filled with joy and gladness
As she joined the merry makers
Who had welcomed her home-coming
With a feast they'd been preparing;
Feast of sturgeon and of partridge;
Feast of berries and of biscuit,
Spread by hands of youth and maiden

Trailing Arbutus.

Hearts of maidens have been singing.

Here the two, as evening lengthened
Out the shadows of the sunlight,
Often spent the hours in strolling
On the mossy tufted 'bankment,
Close beside the rippling waters
Coming from the leafy thicket.
Strolling while the stars were list'ning
To the fond words Edwin whispered
In the ear of shy Me-noh-nah;
All the tender sweet bewild'ring
Words, that lure young hearts to loving—
Words to which love willing listens,
And their sweetness oft re-echoes,
Until nature music breathing,
Sets the wakened pulse to thrilling,
That through ages has been bending
Souls to ecstasy or madness.
Thus one balmy day while roaming,
To him, Edwin drew Me-noh-nah,
And his heart was wildly beating
As he held her closely, telling
Of his wealth of tender loving,
Of his kind and gentle mother,

Trailing Arbutus.

Of his sisters and his father ;
Bade her promise him that some day
She would follow him, as one day,
Had her mother, Wa-bun Au-nung,
Followed her love, Pe-to-se-ga.
And the blue eyes held the brown ones,
Held them as in magic thralldom,
Till the maiden softly answered :—

“O, my Edwin, O, my Kwa-sind,¹
Sweet as song of Wa-wo-nais-sa²
Singing to the pale Os-se-o,³
Sweet as warbling of O-wais-sa⁴
Floating on the breath of morning,
Are thy tender words of loving
To the heart of poor Me-noh-nah.
True it is my Ne-ne-moo-sha,⁵
That when thou, my love, art near me,
All the clouds are disappearing
All life's sunshine is resplendent ;
In thy smiles alone I'm living,
And my heart is wildly singing ;
Sweet and soft the echo's ringing ;

¹ Strong Man.

² Whip-poor-will.

³ Evening Star.

⁴ Blue Bird.

⁵ Sweetheart.

Trailing Arbutus.

Out the song of our true loving.
O, my strong my pale faced Edwin,
Tell me truly, will love always
Hold thee to the brown cheeked maiden?
Should there come a time of changing,
Come a day, when all forgotten
Shall be this, thy eager wooing,
Still Me-noh-nah's heart though breaking,
To thy memory would be turning,
Nor on thee should fall the blaming,
But in death would come the healing;
Never more without thy loving
Would life have a happy seeming."

With sweet kiss and fond devotion
Edwin soothed the maiden's fearing,
Bade her trust him and believe him,
Oft affirming that no other
E'er had thrilled his heart to loving;
That no other e'er had taught him
All the joy and bliss of loving,
As had sweet shy eyed Me-noh-nah.

Thus these lovers passed the morning,
Passed the noon-day and the ev'ning,
Softly telling o'er the story

Trailing Arbutus.

Always dear to youth and maiden.
Here where sounds of lulling waters,
Fell from billows hastening shoreward,
Lived they on in idle dreaming
Through the fragrant days of springtime.
Naught of other ties bethought they,
Naught of other pleasures cared they,
This adoring youth and maiden,
Pale faced Edwin and Me-noh-nah.
All of kindred ties forgetting,
Disregarding filial duty,
They in light canoe went floating,
One day, out across the waters,
And engaged in sweet conversing,
Soon they reached the sheltered harbor
Where the old St. Frances convent,
Beach and bay stood overlooking.
Here they landed, and together
Roamed through wealth of sweet wild roses,
And through fragrant arbor-vitae,
Till they reached the massive doorway,
Where stood one as if in waiting—
One ordained to saintly priesthood,
One who kindly gave them welcome.

Trailing Arbutus.

Down the aisle the youth and maiden
Closely followed in his footsteps
Till they stood before the altar.
There the Father placed them kneeling,
There the service read, then blessed them,
Thus these two were joined in wedlock,
And with hearts of tender gladness,
Turned again their faces homeward,
Dreaming not that this one blissful
Hour of wedded love and living,
Would be all of their sweet union.
All too soon the hour was ending ;
Time to them had not been lagging,
For on this, the homeward wending,
They the future had been planning ;
Had been building fairy castles
Wherein should be only loving.
And their hearts were full of rapture
As they sang of joy and blessing,
Sang of life and all its pleasures ;
Sang of love and fond caressing,
Till at last they reached the landing,
Dreaming not that fate already,
Had prepared a woeful ending

Trailing Arbutus.

For the story of their wedding.

Here they found a message waiting,
Fearful message, doomed to carry
Sorrow to the heart of Edwin,
Deepest grief to poor Me-noh-nah.
Message from the distant city,
Telling of the woeful shadow
O'er the home of Edwin brooding;
Telling of despairing household,
Stricken mother, weeping sisters,
Of the father lying lifeless,
And not one to tell the story
Of the awful deed its doing.
Dark the cloud now overhanging,
Where was joy so lately reigning.
Dazed with grief poor Edwin standing,
Looked upon his bride with yearning,
Well he knew that soon the parting
Must be borne, and then the lonely
Days must come to her in waiting
Till the time of his returning.
But Me-noh-nah upon learning
Of the sorrow now o'erwhelming
Edwin's home, the maiden bravely

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Trailing Arbutus.

Gathered all the native courage
Of her race, to her supporting.

“Go,” she cried, “my Ne-ne-moo-sha,
Go my Edwin, I will tarry
In the Lodge where first you found me.
I, your wife, am warrior’s daughter,
I will tarry, nothing fearing;
Only this, my Edwin, asking,
That we still may keep the secret
Of our wedding, and our loving,
Till the time of your returning;”
To which Edwin though reluctant,
Found himself at last consenting.

On the pebbled beach he left her;
There their sad farewells were spoken.
Only tossing wavelets hearkened
To the sobbing and the moaning
Of the maiden in her grieving.
There in wild abandon sat she,
Till the roseate sun o’er bending
Wood and bay declared the evening;
Then her mother sought her found her,
As the shades of night were falling;
Found her, and was sorely troubled

Trailing Arbutus.

O'er the pain and gloom that rested
In the eyes of her beloved.
Gently homeward Wa-bun led her ;
Lavished on her such attentions
As are only known to mothers ;
Broth of venison prepared her
Grieving that 'twas scarcely tasted.
Then she urged her to retiring,
And Me-noh-nah quick consented,
Hoping solitude and resting,
Would the better soothe her grieving,
Than the care and fond attention
Of the anxious loving mother.

Days, and weeks, and months, had vanished,
Autumn came and crowned the forests
With a beauty all resplendent ;
Palest green, and darkest crimson,
Pink, and brown, and amber tinted,
Were the foliage billowed hilltops.
Nature clothed in youthful beauty,
In the springtime was alluring ;
Nature clothed in autumn's richness,
Held the soul to rapt enchanting.

Trailing Arbutus.

Weary days of eager waiting
Came and went, yet to Me-noh-nah,
No fond word or loving message,
Had repaid her wistful watching.

When the morning sun its glory
Softly flung o'er dewy landscape,
And the wild birds filled with music
All the quivering leaves of forest ;
Then Me-noh-nah, courage gaining,
Grew more hopeful, less despondent ;
But when even came, and shadows,
'Mong the pine trees softly gath'ring,
To and fro went silent moving,
Clad in garments, somber, gruesome,
And the night bird's lonely calling
Echoed from the darkened woodland,
Then Me-noh-nah, grew more weary,
And her burden seemed more heavy ;
But her true heart, still believing,
Trusted and held faith in Edwin.
Something had compelled his absence ;
Something held his message from her ;
Never blaming, only grieving ;
Still she lived in fond expecting,

Trailing Arbutus.

Ever waiting for his coming.

All the settlers loved Me-noh-nah,
And had marked the sadness ling'ring
In the tear dimmed eyes since summer,
Yet its meaning not divining.

'Mong the strangers then sojourning,
For a season in the village,
Was a sweet faced, black robed lady,
Who, 'twas said was purpose holding
Of reclaiming, for the red men,
Homes of which they'd been defrauded.
To the cabin by the river,
This fair lady often wandered,
Bought of Wa-bun baskets deftly
Woven of the fragrant grasses ;
There she gained the needful knowledge,
Of the red men and their wrongings ;
There she learned to know Me-noh-nah,
And the wistful sad appealing
In the brown eyes of the maiden,
Touched her heart with tender pity ;
Drew her to her, while she wondered
At the magic spell that moved her
To the almost kindred feeling

Trailing Arbutus.

That was sympathy impelling.
And as oft she found Me-noh-nah,
O'er the lake and river gazing
With a look of yearning, longing,
In her sad eyes ever deep'ning
She would wonder o'er the meaning
Of the maiden's deep desponding,
And would kindly seek devices,
Whereby she might soothe her grieving.
All the summer she'd been drooping,
Had in health been slowly fading;
But the stranger seemed to rouse her,
Seemed to make her life more happy,
Seemed to bring to her the sunshine
That so long she had been needing;
And the parents, quickly noting
This, had made Viola welcome.
Many weeks Viola tarried;
Faithful working 'mong these people
Hoping praying she might help them;
Lavishly her wealth expended
That their lost homes might be rescued,
From the hands of wily settler,
And returned to rightful owner.

Trailing Arbutus.

Like a sunbeam had her coming
Been to life of poor Me-noh-nah.
As the vine to strong oak clinging
Gains its strength from strong supporting,
So her friendship touched the maiden
With new life, and strangely drew her
Into ways of less repining
Into ways more hopeful, peaceful.
When at last the summer ended,
And the days grew cold and wint'ry,
And the billows, mingled moanings
With the strong wind's fitful sighing;
When the trees had shed their leaflets,
And their naked arms were stretching,
Fondly o'er the earth they'd mantled,
And the frost king white and hoary
Made his advent in the village;
Then Viola spake of going,
And in speaking marked the brooding,
To Me-noh-nah's eyes returning;
Then she begged that she might bear her,
With her, to the far off city;
There to tarry through the winter;
And with wistful eyes Me-noh-nah'

Trailing Arbutus.

Joined the stranger in her pleading,
Till they found the plea prevailing.

Then Viola sent a message
To the home in distant city,
Telling of the winsome maiden
She had found in wild-wood country—
Maiden who was strangely luring
Her to pity and to loving;
Asked that room be there made ready
For the child of Pe-to-se-ga;
And the maidens quick preparing
Soon upon their way were speeding.

As Me-noh-nah won Viola
Soon she won the sister, mother,
By her gentle, artless manners,
By her quaint ways unassuming,
By the look of pensive sadness,
In the brown eyes ever brooding,
And with many kind attentions,
They would seek to woo forgetting
To the bosom of the maiden,
Though they wotted not the secret
That thus moved her heart to sorrow.

Trailing Arbutus.

Then one day the mother gently,
To Me-noh-nah, told the story,
Of the burden she'd been bearing ;
Told her of the death of loved ones ;
Of her husband, her beloved,
Taken from her without warning,
And her only boy, her first born,
Lying ill, for weeks unconscious,
Ever lost in scenes of Northland—
Sometimes raving of the waters,
And the boat, and then of sailing—
Then seemed grieving o'er the wronging
Of the red man, by the settlers—
Framing ways for their relieving ;
And one day to soothe his raving,
They had promised that a portion
Of his fortune should be sent them,
To be spent in the reclaiming
Of the lands, owned by their fathers ;
Promised him that they would some day,
Give to these untutored people
Help that they were sadly needing.
Then he too was taken from her ;
And the gentle hearted mother

Trailing Arbutus.

Noted not the stifled sobbing,
And the wild eyes overflowing,
Of the eager list'ning maiden ;
But she drew her to the study
Where were many portraits hanging ;
Pausing there before her loved ones,
Long the dear eyes held the mother,
E'er she turned to where Me-noh-nah
Had been standing, then beheld her
All unconscious, prostrate lying.

Thus Me-noh-nah learned the meaning
Of her Edwin's not returning,
And the hopeless heart was breaking,
That had faith and trust been holding,
Through the weary months of waiting.

Tender, loving care they gave her,
Grieving that 'twas unavailing,
That no more to health restoring,
Could they woo this wild-wood blossom
But that life was slowly ebbing.

Sad the message Pe-to-se-ga
Read to Wa-bun in the Northland,

Trailing Arbutus.

Bidding them to hasten quickly
To the side of their Me-noh-nah.

It was evening and the angel
Death was brooding o'er the household.
All the yearning look of sadness,
That so long had marked her sorrow,
From the brown eyes had departed.
Peace at last had come with soothing,
And had stilled the troubled waters.
Close beside the dying maiden
Knelt Viola, brown hands clasping,
And with look of growing wonder
As Me-noh-nah softly whispering,
Told the tale of Edwin's wooing,
And the story of their wedding—
Told of how she ne'er had doubted—
How her faith had never faltered—
Told of how she knew Viola
From the first, but kept the secret ;
Still believing he would some day
Show himself the faithful hearted—
Always feeling that some reason
For his absence would be given.

Trailing Arbutus.

Then they told her of his illness,
Told her how he often fondly
Called her name, while all unconscious
Were they of the rightful meaning,
Of the dear one's fitful raving.
Now they understood the grieving
Of the child of Pe-to-se-ga,
And their tender hearts were seeking,
Words of loving and consoling
For the maiden slowly dying;
She who had been ever trusting
Who though clouds were lowly bending,
Never failed in faith and loving.

Till the last Viola softly
Whispered words of sweet endearment;
Promised that beside her Edwin,
They would lay her, and in springtime,
When the blossoms were unfolding,
They should sleep beneath the myrtle,
Which would then be sweetly blooming,
O'er the two mounds side by side.
Promised she would bring consoling
To the parents of Me-noh-nah;
Thus she soothed the dying maiden,

Trailing Arbutus.

Till the soft eyes gently closing,
Seemed to sweep from earthly vision,
Into something past defining;
Something that brought rapture blending
With the smile of seraph's lending;
And the Angel Death was breathing
In the heart of wild-wood blossom,
Peace that passeth understanding;
Breathing of the happy meeting;
Breathing of the loving greeting;
In the land where is no parting.